

In the Eye

by Maren O. Mitchell

Last night on the mountain a big black bully with yellow eyes
considered us for fodder. Blustering up enough strength,
he lifted our roof
 spied us shivering and naked
 decided we were too pitiful to put up a fight to bring blood
settled for pretending to turn the house around
by its corners, nailed the roof back down with hail.
He contented himself with picking on
the easy ones in the trees and ground.
In a morning cloud we heard a satisfied snicker as he left.